

Sirenborn

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Summary: Eret (son of Eret) is alone for the first time since he'd landed on this strange rock the inhabitants call Berk when he hears a strange but bewitching song. Little did he know when he left the village that night he'd spend the day training his very first dragon... even if it's just to ease the pain of it's death.

Oneshot

Sirenborn

Eret (son of Eret) was alone for the first time since he'd landed on this strange rock the inhabitants call Berk.

He'd been put to work almost immediately after Hiccup's understated chiefly celebration just like everyone else, almost as if he'd always lived amongst them. He wasn't sure if it was overconfidence, forgetfulness, or sheer need, but everyone just seemed to assume he planned to stay. It took the new chief almost twelve hours to even consider that Eret's crew might actually be wondering where he was, he still hadn't even asked if Eret wanted to return to them, they just sent out a Terrible Terror with a message as though the fire-breathing lizard was a carrier pigeon.

The fact that Hiccup had, in fact, been the first to remember that Eret even had a crew... including Eret himself, told the former trapper that he wasn't going anywhere for a good long time.

Eret considered this as he walked along the only sandy beach on Berk, the rest being drop off cliffs. Hiccup had given him directions and even drawn him a simple (according to the chief anyway) map.

It had been far too long since he'd last enjoyed the ocean breeze, and now that he actually had some time to himself he wanted to take full advantage of it.

Before he'd become the best in his profession, before he'd had his

own crew, before... Drago, Eret had spent most of his free time just like this, admiring the great northern waters, feeling the sand underfoot, tasting the cool oceanic breeze, seeing the moon dancing on the water's surface, and the calming sounds...

Eret heard a song that had nothing to do with the waters he'd come to enjoy. He'd never heard such an enchanting melody.

Without a thought of caution he set out to find the source. Leaving the safety of the detailed portion of his map he searched, the sun rising long before he found his quarry.

An egg, hidden inside a hollow tree... a dragon egg.

A warning flared through his mind, overpowering the melody bewitching his heart. If there was one thing he'd learned in his years of dragon trapping it was to steer clear of his prey's young. As tempting as it was to steal a few eggs and let them grow in captivity, it was also a good way to get yourself and others killed.

The song was tempting him, but his mind was stronger than his heart.

Forcing himself to leave was physically painful, the siren's song chipped at his resolve and a new song pulled him in a direction he knew didn't lead to the village.

The second song had him crying in minutes. The haunting melody's source was much easier to discover. A dragon lie, glassy wings were shattered by the teeth of a large iron trap. Her multi-colored gemstone body heaved with labored breaths, but she continued to sing... a mother's final lullaby.

Eret inched toward the creature. He'd never seen a dragon like this before, he wouldn't have forgotten a song like that. He held out his hand as he'd seen Hiccup do more times in the last few days than he could count. Assuming that if it worked for Hiccup it wouldn't get him killed at least. The dragon's song faltered as he neared, but didn't attack as he expected. She looked frightened, to the trapper's surprise, he wasn't aware that dragons could feel such things as fear, not in such a raw, humane form at least.

He recognized the fear for what it was, a desperate fear for the life of her egg rather than for herself. She didn't struggle, wisely knowing that she would die even if she freed herself and not wishing to experience unnecessary pain.

Eret nearly jumped in surprise when he felt something smooth touch his hand. The dragon touched him, actually touched him, without the 'dragon conqueror's' prodding or any intention to harm. Skullcrusher was the only dragon who'd ever touched him on his own like that before and he'd assumed it was because Skullcrusher was already trained, but this dragon was very much wild.

He looked into her eyes as she pressed her sapphire beak into his palm.

"I'll protect your egg, I promise." He told her, feeling a little silly until relief took over her and she finally lowered her head to the ground, able to die in peace now that her hatchling would be

safe. The trust he felt from her was nothing he'd ever experienced before.

He would never stop being surprised by how easily Hiccup and Astrid had trusted him, and he'd actually had a reason to help them. What reason did this beast have to trust him, what had he done to earn it?

He forced the trap open, though he'd never seen it before, most traps were similar enough to disarm. Even if she couldn't survive this, she didn't have to die trapped like prey. She nudged him with her beak.

"You're welcome." He replied rubbing her head as her song began again, brighter now so his tears managed to clear up.

He sat with her until she went silent before retrieving her egg which he would protect with his life if necessary, Eret (son of Eret) hated breaking a promise.

He had half a mind to bury her, but at her size and without any tools it was a hopeless endeavor.

Maybe he'd get Hiccup to help him if the chief had time.

\* \* \*

><p>AN) Every time I rewatch How to Train Your Dragon 2 I like Eret more and more.

Hiccup let's Eret name the breed of dragon since he discovered it he chooses Sirenborn. Thus the name of the fic.

This fiction was inspired by a writing prompt by maxkirin on tumblr. The prompt is: \_Write a short story from the point of view of a character as they walk along a beach late at night. The catch? This character begins to hear something a very alluring song. Double catch? The source of this 'song' is a creature unlike anything this character has ever seen.\_

I opted out of the 1st POV part, I don't like writing in first pov if I can help it.

End  
file.